

DELL

MAY

10¢

the Lone Ranger



WANTED!
The man with
"The Missing Markers"

Derringers



"THOUGH I CARRY TWO COLT PEACEMAKERS, MANY MEN OUT WEST HAVE RELIED ON SMALL POCKET PISTOLS. BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR, HENRY DERRINGER MADE SOME PISTOLS SO SMALL THEY WERE CARRIED IN AND KNOWN AS VEST POCKET OR GUSSET PISTOLS. OTHER GUN-MAKERS SOLD DERRINGERS SPELLED WITH TWO R'S TO SHOW THEY WERE NOT MADE BY THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR."



"ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GUNS WAS THE DOUBLE-BARRELED REMINGTON DERRINGER, WHICH WAS ONLY FOUR INCHES LONG AND WEIGHED ELEVEN OUNCES."

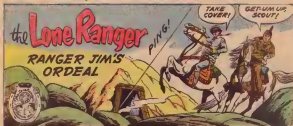
"THE 'WINKER' DERRINGER SERVED A DUAL ROLE WHEN ITS METAL FRAME WAS USED IN THE SAME WAY AS BRASS KNUCKLES DURING A CLOSE FIGHT."



"WORN IN A WRIST BAND HOLSTER AND HIDDEN BY THE STRAIGHTLY FULL CUFFS OF THE PERIOD, THE DERRINGER WAS QUICKLY DRAWN WHEN TROUBLE STARTED."



"ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST INFAMOUS SHOOTINGS WAS MADE POSSIBLE WHEN A DERRINGER WAS CONCEALED ON JIMMY WILKES' BOOTH SO HE COULD ENTER FORD'S THEATRE TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN."

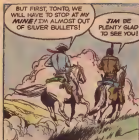


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WE'LL NOT BE SEEN IN HERE!

USH! BUT TONTO WONDER WHAT THEM DO WITH JIM'S HORSE!



GIVING THE HORSE HIS HEAD BROUGHT US HERE---

---YEAH, BUT SO WHAT?



THIS IS JUST A CABIN NOT THE *MINE* WHERE HE GOT THAT *RAW SILVER*!

WAIT TILL CHASE HEARS HOW HIS GREAT IDEA FANNED OUT!



DON'T WORRY! CHASE'LL MAKE THAT GUY TALK! HE'LL TELL US WHERE HE DUG THAT SILVER OR THE NEXT THING HE'LL DIG WILL BE A *SIX-FOOT HOLE*!



WAIT, TONTO! WAIT TILL WE ARE CERTAIN THEY HAVE RIDDEN OFF SO THEY'LL NEVER KNOW ABOUT THIS *MINE*! THEN WE WILL FOLLOW THEM! BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, I MAY NEED THESE *SILVER BULLETS*!

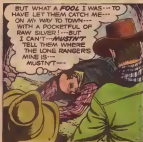


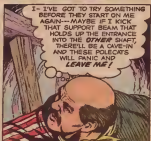
LATER...
TRAIL STILL CLEAR!

WE'LL KEEP ON IT TILL IT ENDS, TONTO! A RETIRED TEXAS RANGER LIKE JIM COULD HAVE HAD MANY LESS LONELY JOBS THAN WORKING MY OUT-OF-THE-WAY *MINE*! I'LL SEE THAT NO HARM COMES TO HIM FOR HAVING HELPED ME!



AND AS THE MAN RETURNS TO THE SHAFT...







BUT AS THE LONE RANGER STARTS
INTO THE SHAFT, SUDDENLY...





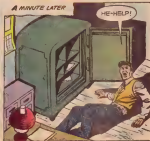
THEN JIM QUICKLY PUTS TO WORK A PLAN OF THE LONE RANGER'S...





AND AFTER RECOVERING THE MINER'S
STOLEN ORE, AS TONTO TIES THE ROBBERS...







MINUTES LATER



WH-WHAT'N BLAZES
...A MASKED MAN!

HE MUST BE THE
ONE WHO HELD UP
THE EXPRESS
OFFICE!

HOLD ON! I KNOW WHO HE
IS! IF ANYONE CAN ROUND UP
THE POLECAT WHO JUMPED
ME, HE AND TONTO CAN!



WHAT HAPPENED
BEN?

I WAS OPENING THE
SAFE, WHEN SOMEONE
CLAMPED A HAND
OVER MY MOUTH!
WITH HIS OTHER
HAND HE PISTOL-
WHIPPED ME!



YOU LUCKY! HIM ONLY
GRACE YOU WITH
BLOW! TONTO
FIX-UM!



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
OUT OF TOWN... OVER THE
BRIDGE! WHOEVER
ATTACKED YOU IS
PROBABLY STILL IN
TOWN! I BELIEVE
TONTO AND I
MAY HAVE DRIVEN
HIM BACK HERE!



LET EVERY MAN IN TOWN
GO INTO THE BIG CAFE! I
THINK I KNOW HOW
TO PICK OUT THE
ROBBER!

SOON AFTER, THE LONE RANGER LOOKS
DOWN THE LONG LINE OF MEN...



YOU— YOU ARE THE
ONE WHO ATTACKED
THE EXPRESS
AGENT!



KENO
SABAY!



YEDDOW!

THE WAY THAT FELLOW
WENT FOR HIS GUN, HE
MUST BE THE ROBBER,
BUT HOW DID THE
MASKED MAN KNOW?

FOR SOLUTION— TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN!



ACCORDING TO THE EXPRESS AGENT, HIS
ATTACKER PUT ONE HAND OVER HIS EYE
AND STROKE HIM FROM BEHIND WITH THE
OTHER, SINCE THE GUN WAS ON THE LEFT
SIDE OF THE BACK OF HIS HEAD HIS
ASSAULT WAS LEFT-HANDED, ONLY ONE
HAND WORE HIS GLOSTER FOR A LEFT—

GO HOME GUNMAN



Cal Thorpe, owner of the town hotel, stepped up to Hawk Norton, the notorious gunman who had recently come to Sagebrush. Thorpe had been chosen by the Citizens' Committee because he was the biggest man and might scare Norton.

That was a laugh, thought Thorpe. It was his own knees that were shaking.

"Well?" snapped the gunman, hands on hips.

"The council . . . uh . . . met last night," choked Thorpe, "and decided . . . well, this is a peaceable town and . . . er Thorpe swallowed, unable to finish.

"Want me to move on, eh?" growled Norton, finishing for him. "But I like it here. I'm staying, savvy?"

Thorpe raised his voice, trying a threat. "Sheriff's out of town but when he returns, he'll drive you out . . ."

"He'll be another notch on my gun," broke in Norton, his eyes cold as ice. "The only way I'll leave is feet first . . . if you've got a man in town to try it."

Hitching his gunbelt, Norton swaggered down the street. People scurried out of his way. He had the town terrified. Thorpe mopped his brow, reporting to the

Committee. "That varmint won't leave. No man in town can draw iron on him and live."

"I'll do it," spoke up a cheerful voice. It came from the pudgy little man with the black bag beside his chair.

"You, Doc Purdy?" laughed Thorpe. "You don't even carry a gun and you don't know which end shoots. You must be joking."

"I'm serious," insisted the doctor getting up. "Tell Hawk Norton I'll be waiting at my office. Tell him to be on guard because he's going to get shot."

As the little man waddled out, Thorpe shook his head. He sought out Norton and gave him the Doc's message. Half the town watched with bated breath as the gunman strode boldly to the doctor's office. He kicked the door open and barged in.

Across the street Thorpe winced as he waited to hear the shot, waited to see the gunslick swagger out, blowing the smoke out of his gun barrel.

But there was no shot. And when Norton came out, he was running toward his horse. He scrambled up and galloped off as if wild Palutes were after his scalp. It was plain to see he never intended coming back.

Thorpe ran into the doctor's office. Purdy sat smiling at his desk.

"How did you drive him out of town?" gasped Thorpe.

"Oh, I just warned him he might die of the plague."

"Plague?" echoed Thorpe. "What plague?"

"Why, didn't you know the town's full of it?" winked Purdy. "And that dozens have died already? I told Norton he might be the next victim, squirming and screeching in horrible agony before the merciful end."

"Doc, you old bluffer!" cried Thorpe. "And he swallowed it?"

"Not till I told him that if he insisted on staying in town, he would get shot—in the arm. Funny, when I drew steel on him he backed down."

Chuckling, Doc Purdy held up a long, sharp hypodermic needle.

YOUNG HAWK

KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT AROUND
THIS BEND, LITTLE BUCK! THERE
MAY BE OTHER CANOES.

OR WE MIGHT SIGHT GAME!
DON'T KEEP TOO FAR OUT FROM
SHORE, YOUNG HAWK.



DESCENDING AN UNKNOWN RIVER, DEEP IN THE SIERRA
MADRE RANGE OF MEXICO, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE
BUCK LEAD THEIR BOUND PRISONER.



A YOUNG DEER OR
EVEN A WATERFOWL
WOULD DO FINE!



DO YOU NEVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT
YOUR APPETITE, LITTLE BUCK? WE'LL
DO NO HUNTING UNTIL WE ARE PAST
THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF
THIS ENEMY TRIBE!



THERE! WILD
TURKEYS!

IT'S A LONG SHOT! YOU
WAS WASTE YOUR ARROW,
LITTLE BUCK!





WASH? IT IS CHIEF
HE-CAW! THEY HAVE
CAPTURED?

WE WILL HAVE
TO TALK...



---BUT PERHAPS WE CAN
MANAGE TO TRICK HIM AND
CAPTURE OR KILL BOTH! I WILL
ANSWER THE OUTLANDER!



BRING CANOE TO LAND!
LET OUR MAN GO--- AND WE
WILL LET POOP WAW GO!



THIS SAND BAR
WILL GIVE ME SOME
ADVANTAGE!



HURRY! IF WE CAN GET NEAR
ENOUGH, OUR ARROWS WILL
COUNT! WE CAN WIFE HIM
OUT BEFORE HE CAN MOVE!



STOP WHERE YOU
ARE---OR I SHOOT!
YOU ARE NEAR
ENOUGH!

BUT YOUNG HAWK SEES THEIR INTENTION, AND
HALTS THEM!



STON TALK HAS ITS LIMITS, BUT YOUNG HAWK IS ABLE TO MAKE HIS ENEMIES UNDERSTAND HIM



YOUNG HAWK'S WORDS MAY HAVE MEANT LITTLE -- BUT NOW HIS TONE OF VOICE IS CLEAR TO HIS PRISONER AND THE OTHERS!





AT THEIR LEADER'S YELL, THE OTHER THREE BOWMEN FLINCH, SPOILING THEIR AIM

FLINGING HIS WEAPONS INTO THE CANOE, YOUNG HARK DIVES





BELIEVING THE CANOE, YOUNG HAWK TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SWIMS, SWIMMING BACK TOWARD HIS ENEMIES.

THE ATTACK IS SO UNEXPECTED THAT YOUNG HAWK'S OPPONENT BREATHE IN WATER AS HE IS PULLED UNDER.







MINUTES LATER...

KEMO SABAY HERD
CROSS WHERE
MARKERS USED
TO BE!

WE'D BETTER STOP
THAT HERD BEFORE
THE CHEYENNES
SPOT IT!



REIN IN!



A MASKED
MAN!

HE ISN'T RUNNING
OFF MY HERD!



HOLSTER
YOUR
GUN!

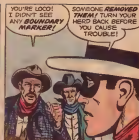
BANG!



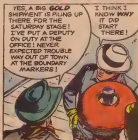
M-MY
GUN---

...ALL OF YOU,
DROP THEM!

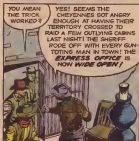
















Brands

"BRANDS HAVE ALWAYS INTERESTED ME BECAUSE SINCE THE DAYS OF THE OPEN RANGE, CHEAPER BRANDS HAS THE ONLY WAY AN OWNER COULD TELL HIS CATTLE AT ROUNDUP TIME, CALVES WERE MARKED WITH THEIR MOTHER'S BRAND THEY CARRIED THEIR OWNER'S TRADE MARK FOR LIFE."

"SOME BRANDS WERE LETTERS."



"HANGING O"
TEXAS



"TRIPLE CROSS"
NEW MEXICO

"OTHER BRANDS WERE PICTURES."

"RUNNING O"
NEBRASKA



"DINNER BELL"
CALIFORNIA



"BROKEN HEART"
NEW MEXICO



"DOUBLE A"
TEXAS



"BARBEQUE"
TEXAS



"RAIN BARREL"
ARIZONA



Only
two
dared
to enter

"DANGEROUS
WATERS!"
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TONTO

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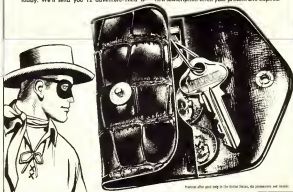
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SEVEN-UP
PRESENTS

SAM'S LINGO LESSONS

(Fun for your next party! Have guests read these panels. Give each 5 minutes to invent one new Lingo line. Award prize for cleverest one.)



POETIC PETE WOULD SAY: "Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
the village smithy stands..."

SAM WOULD SAY: "Sweet smith! He's shooting in the shade!"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?



MOVIE-JAN FRANKIE WOULD SAY: "Wanna see a comedy
downtown—or a mystery movie at the drive-in?"

SAM WOULD SAY: "Wanna chuckle in your chair in the
village square—or share a scare in the open air?"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?



TENNIS TRUDY WOULD SAY: "C'mon, start
playing. I feel ready to win."

SAM WOULD SAY: "Don't stall with the ball!
I'm set to claim the game, Mame!"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

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LIKE SEVEN-UP!"**

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